



Avila College is an institution dedicated to the concept of world consciousness.

With a deep-seated responsibility felt towards all people of all nations and with the desire to achieve a sincere and lasting peace among these peoples, we, the students, faculty, and administration of the academic institution known as Avila College feel it our duty to commit ourselves today and all days to the following resolution:

WHEREAS the world's subunits are growing more and more interdependent in all their aspects — social, economic, and environmental — and continuing effort on all levels of social organization is necessary to avert armed conflict and to insure that all peoples will benefit from the world's knowledge and energies, and WHEREAS we wish to support the United Nations and the strengthening of that body so that it may resolve international disputes by world law instead of by the law of force.

NOW, THEREFORE BE IT RESOLVED by the students, faculty, and administration of the academic institution known as Avila College that we demonstrate this sense of responsibility and desire for peace in a positive manner by declaring said institution "A WORLD COLLEGE" dedicated to international co-operation and world law, i.e., MUNDIALIZED.

To symbolize the MUNDIALIZATION of this institution,
1. let the United Nations flag be flown along with the United States flag at all times, and
2. let said institution undertake a twinning program with a like-minded institution in another country, and
3. let said institution contribute to the United Nations Special Account.

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED that we call upon the citizens of Kansas City, Missouri to recognize this sense of responsibility and to pledge their efforts to the establishment of peace and to the use of all possible resources for the betterment of mankind by declaring Kansas City, Missouri a WORLD CITY.

Committee for:
The Mundialization of
Avila College

a wish of fire

for the graduating class of 1973,
because these may be cold times.

... that you may have fire in abundance,
fire of sun and dreams, of stars and touch.
that your fire might rise from the heart of you
to melt and mold but never hurt as a gentle hot power,
to burn in bright quiet.
that you may walk in the crackling stillness of your thoughts
with wisdom and intelligence and courage in a scorching world.
that you might lend your fire to others to be caught in mercy and equality and understanding.
and in darkness may you have eyeful souls.
and may you always have words of smoke, the smoke of hard and good wood, so that they
might know you lived and well.
that you spoke and wisely.
that you cared and strongly.
that your smoke might rise full but never chokingly
to signal yet not blacken your coming.
and may it smell of many springs and gardens you have yet to know,
of a bouquet of friends whose hands and hearts of trustfire mingle warmly ever.
that your smoke will curl to heaven in blue sky, perhaps upon a famous wind or some softly important breeze.
that you might have ashes of peace and never again war.
that they may flicker after your fire has gone out, a light of memories with few regrets.
may you have fire of conviction and care, of hope and togetherness.
and may you have it in abundance . . .

Lin Staten

Scholastic Honors Announced

Several Avila students were recently informed of their acceptance by two national honor societies.

Delta Epsilon Sigma has named seven Avila students, juniors and seniors. It is a national scholastic honor society for students attending Catholic institutions of higher learning. Those undergraduates who have completed fifty percent of their program with a 3.5 grade point average are eligible. They are: Susan Dailey, Ethel (Irene) McCoun, Patricia Scanlon, Fannie Ludewig, Kathryn Kelm, Linda (Kathy) Blickhan, Mary Moriarty.

Kappa Gamma Pi is an honor society for alumnae of Catholic women's colleges. Those students graduating with a 3.6 grade point average and having evidenced a potential for leadership are eligible. These seniors are: Patricia McAndrew, Deborah Frantz, Ida Laserson.

Letters

Dear Editor:

We would like to convey our elation over the extended library hours in effect for the month of May. We feel that the inavailability of the library restricted one facet of student life. A college library must be a viable stimulus to the political, social, intellectual and cultural growth of those who make use of its material.

It is encouraging to see some positive action taken on our legitimate complaint. Thank you! Our only hope is that the extension of hours and additional internal improvements of the library will continue next term.

Sincerely,
LuAnn Dixon
Anita Fenske

Dear Students:

If anyone has any ideas as to what they would like to see the Psychology Club bring to campus, or if you are interested in becoming an executive member, then please either contact Marilyn Johnnessee in Room 405, Cindy Diemler in Room 403, Tom Gill in Room 103, Mary Burke who is a non-resident student or Joan Michel in Room 312. Anyone is welcome to join and EVERYONE on campus is invited to the meetings.

Any suggestions for next year would be more than welcome. I do hope that more non-resident students will take active part in the activities we bring on campus. Non-resident students can leave suggestions in any of the above mailboxes or, if interested in joining, you could leave your name in any one of the mailboxes.

Thanks to all the people who have taken part thus far this year and I hope the participation continues to grow as we grow. A special thanks to all the people on the executive committee for helping to get the club started, and to Lynn Cupkie, our advisor.

Joan Michel

Dear Editor:

The Baha'i Faith is the newest of the revealed world religions and sets forth the principles of the unity of mankind, the equality of opportunity and rights for everyone regardless of race or sex, the oneness of God and the oneness of religion, the necessity of education, and the rights of each individual to personal freedom and initiative. The Baha'i Faith composes a basis whereby the world can be united and a peaceful, ordered and progressive society can become a reality.

There are about 70 thousand Baha'is in the U.S. today and approximately 70 in the metropolitan Kansas City area. There are Baha'i Clubs at four universities or colleges within 50 miles of Kansas City and one at UMKC. For those desiring more information about the Faith, they can visit their local library or the Baha'i Center at 5601 E. 16th Terrace, Kansas City, Missouri.

Mrs. Beverly Phillips
Local Spiritual Assembly of Baha'is
of Kansas City, Missouri

To whom it may concern:

As part of our nation search for a Publications Editor, we are submitting the following information:

Wanted . . . Production oriented publications editor in 10,000 town and forested area, 5,000 students. Position productive, creative, challenging. Applicant must be experienced in standards of content, clarity, readability, appearance, economy and modern management — all market-oriented to student recruiting, total University function. Experienced fast starter, producer required. Equal opportunity employer. Contact Larry Chambers, Head, Dept. of Communication Services, Michigan Technological University, Houghton, Michigan 49931. Phone 906-487-2354.

Larry Chambers

From the desk of . . .



Tom Gill
Chairman, SSC
1973-74

Next year looks to be a time of great changes and of new innovations from many points of view. SSC will be one of the vehicles of this change, along with Program Board, the Dean of Students, the Director of student life, and others. We have, this year, had a "great awakening" among the student body, the administration, and the faculty.

I have been supported with a very fine staff. These people are Diana Mange, Marian Kelly, Patty Fitzsimmons, John Carver, Cheryl Tomek, Anita Fenske, and Reed Ludwig. These people are all looking forward to next year and the things that can happen. The most important thing is that they are willing to work and put in the time that is needed to do the job right.

We have several things we are beginning to work on as the year winds up and things close down. (We will, however, continue to work during the

summer in order to be prepared for next fall.) Our two major concerns at this time are Freshman and transfer orientation and solidifying our own structure.

We are organizing a planning committee for orientation right now. It is co-chaired by one person from SSC and one from Program Board. Several students have indicated a desire to work on the planning of orientation. If you would like to work on this project contact someone on SSC or Program Board. Your help is welcomed.

The plans for structural improvement of SSC are as yet unclear, but I will try to give you an idea of where we are going. We will have a total of twelve people on the committee including me. Of the twelve, four are class representatives and will serve as such. The remaining seven have at this time no assigned tasks. I hope to break down the areas of jurisdiction into seven sections. Each of these seven people will be assigned to one of these areas. An example of this breakdown would be academic affairs, day student affairs, resident student affairs, publications, clubs and organizations, with the two remaining positions being the traditional secretary and treasurer.

I hope to break down the areas of jurisdiction into seven sections. Each of these seven people will be assigned to one of these areas. An example of this breakdown would be academic affairs, day student affairs, resident student affairs, publications, clubs and organizations, with the two remaining positions being the traditional secretary and treasurer. You would then be sure of who to contact when you need assistance and they would know how to help you.

We will, next year, get involved in specific projects for student good. These will provide facilities and equipment for student use and information. Examples of these are the student duplicator provided by this years SSC, and information center for students, an outdoor sign with all the weeks activities, and many other things. All in all next year promises to be a great year. I am glad to be a part of it.

Foosball Philosophy

by Marian Kelly

I, the foosball, come to you in the hour of darkness and distress when your inner tensions need to be released. It is my obligation as an instrument to your sanity to be here when needed. The initial action commences usually around noon at the table with which I'm affiliated. My major objective is to let one undo, relax and convey his mental anguish through eleven small men.

The art of foosball can be gained by all interested. It is at the disposal of any or all that need to grasp something new in life.

You, in a hyper state of mind and body, under the impression that you're plighting downward; gather around. There is the echoing song of vulgarities thrust through the lungs which lifts that heavy load off your heart. You may be faced by complex repercussions from your challenger but remember, "it's all in day's foosball."

When scholastic endeavors start to bring you down due to lack of interest or whatever, just lay it all on me. Let those overwhelming anxieties erupt freely on the table.

There are, however, problems that extend from playing too much foosball. One of the major problems is addiction. It is quite possible that a certain dependency can be caused making one a "foos freak." This character can be identified by callouses on the palms of hands, shirt sleeves rolled up to give the wrists more freedom for movement, and moodiness for competition. Another important identifying factor of the "foos freak" is the way he talks. It is possible that his vocabulary

will consist of words such as "foos it," "Kung Fu," "slam it," "jam it," "relax," and "get your men on it." If you know of a person fitting such a description, it is quite possible that he is a "foos freak."

After a long time of knocking me around, you may begin to suffer from "foos fatigue." This is something that all of my faithful followers can relate to. Take it easy, slack off for a while. If you aren't addicted, try some other means for working out those frustrations for a few days.

To sum up all of the "foos philosophy," I feel that it is of dire importance that you do a ritual before getting into any heavy action at the table. You should say, along with your constituents, the "Foosball Prayer," which goes as follows:

Hail foosball full of fun
Hallowed would be thy game
Thy goalies come, thy game be won
St. Jack's Bar as it is Avila
Give us this day our daily foosball game and
Forgive us our high scores as
We forgive those who score against us
Lead us into fair competition
But deliver us from defeat.

Amen

Program Board

1973-74

The members of the 1973-1974 Program Board were elected on April 26 and 27. They are Mary Beth Bazin, Lori Cackler, Tim Driscoll, Grace Forbes, Nina Furst, Colorado Gershberg, Brenda Harden and John Rasiej. They will be responsible for activities during the upcoming year, but they do need everyone's help. If you have any ideas or suggestions, stop one of them and have a chat. Without you, it might not get done!

CEC Convention

What is a convention? If you ask this question of the 23 Avila students attending the Council for Exception Children National Convention in Dallas, Texas, you would receive a variety of answers. The initial reactions to the word "convention" for these students would be: meetings, buses, people, exhibits, VIP's, convention center, Bill the bus driver, Toby's parties, Six Flags, Italian food, Special Education, over 10,000 people, learning disabilities, the hotel, getting our charter at the Delegate Assembly, Mental retardation, and the Texan "y'all".

The experience of attending a convention is one that you do not forget soon. A first time conventioneer learns that sometimes things do not always go as planned — meetings are cancelled, speakers are changed, the days are too long and the nights are too short.

THOUGHTS, REACTIONS, INTERACTIONS AND REFLECTIONS include: "They will remember us in Dallas," "Strawberry Hill & Toby's forever," "The convention was worth while," "Kansas State Party," "Boogie-woogie," "Grins for grins," "New York next year," "An experience I'll never forget" "It was worth the bus ride," "WE FINALLY MADE IT!"

Staff

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Faculty Director	Mary Ann Fairchild



Ruth S. Campos

The Long Way

by Ruth S. Campos

over and over again. "Don't call us, we'll call you." I finally gave up after overhearing one of the employers say, "Those Mexicans never give up." I didn't have a fighting chance.

Not having a choice, I joined the vegetable business. No, not lettuce-radishes. At five o'clock every morning, the farmers used to come to our neighborhood to load us up in their trucks to take us to our place of business, the radish fields. I picked radishes from 5:30 a.m. to six p.m. every evening and it was there that I learned the value of hard work. I used to go home with eight dollars every day and that summer I had the most beautiful tan around. My face and knees wouldn't have passed the Lux commercial test on T.V. but at least I had a job. I was a migrant worker.

Before that summer ended, Mr. Nice who was my boss, told me about a job at an Ajax Can industry in the Turner area. The job consisted of crimping lids on Ajax cans. Mr. Nice recommended me for the job because he said he wanted to see me get ahead. He forgot to mention that there was a terrific turnover at the factory because the operators were always losing their fingers on the machine. I accepted the job and after a month of probation, I was now a full-time Ajax Can Operator. I stayed there for a year and then nature decided to end my career abruptly. There was a flood and the factory was washed away. I filed for compensation but instead of getting it, I was sent to an unemployment agency.

I graduated from high school and I went out to look for a job the very next day. I put on my very best dress which mom had made on her old Singer pedal-type sewing machine and my Griffin white new shoes and, carrying my diploma in a big, white envelope, I set out to look for an opportunity to be useful to society.

A friend of mine worked at this agency and she said she would find me an excellent position because she had lots of connections. She did. I started working in the laundry department of the Hotel Continental. I was really progressing from radishes to Ajax cans and now laundry. It was an inferno. I lost several sets of skin from my hands while handling all those hot sheets and towels. It was hot, hard work, but we kept our sense of humor by having contests. I never won because I was always searching the shirts and sheets. My education hadn't prepared me for anything like this. I started praying for

deliverance and my salvation was at hand.

My cousin Jose was working as a stock boy at Macy's Department store, and he heard about a vacancy in the Marking and Receiving Room Department, so he recommended me for the job. I was hired. I worked hard and learned much about the retailing business. Then, I was transferred to the Addressograph department to work in the Printing Department. There I learned how to run a Vari-tyer which is used to make up all kinds of office forms. For the first time in my life I felt secure, but something was missing. I decided to become active in the Church.

I was invited to join "The Legion of Mary" which was an organization to assist the Parish priest, visit the sick, teach catechism and help whoever needed help. I worked feverishly with the Legion after work, and I found myself the happiest whenever I was involved in teaching. I did this for a number of years. Then one day I read an article explaining that Pope John had started an organization called "Papal Volunteers." He was asking for volunteers with some special talent to give of themselves and travel to South America to help people help themselves. I couldn't think of anything else after reading that article, so I decided to quit my job of ten years at Macy's and answer the Pope's call. I volunteered as a catechist and I was accepted after a thorough investigation of my background. I underwent a six-month training period after which I was given my missionary Cross and became a full-fledged missionary. All set to spread the word of God, I was anxious to arrive in Peru.

I started teaching children in public schools. Some of them had never heard God's name. They were very eager to learn and I was very eager to teach them. Some of them were so poor that they barely had clothes on. Some had no shoes. I went into the "las

barracados" which are ghettos, and was very well received. I had an advantage over some of our group not only because of my ability to speak their language, but because of my cultural background. What a switch. My cultural background had finally been recognized. I worked with these people for three years and helped them in any way that I could. I became a part of them. Illness forced me to return home, but I always knew that I would return to South America someday. I returned home, convinced that I had learned more from them than I could have possibly taught them.

I was back in Peru six months later. I found a job teaching English as a foreign language at the Peruvian-North American Cultural Institute. I liked it so well that I wanted to learn new methods, and so applied for a job at the Pontifical Catholic University of Peru. This is one of the newest universities there. I was hired. It was here that I learned how to operate a language laboratory. During the summer months I took a job at San Marcos University which was founded in 1551. It is considered the oldest university in America. One of the other universities where I acquired a part-time job teaching was the National University of Engineering. All of the universities in Lima have an English department because of the fact that the best text books are printed in English. San Marco University and the University of Engineering are very well known for their political views. Some of them lean toward Communism and are against "imperialism." It was quite interesting to work in surroundings like these. I was in Peru for nine years when I decided to return home and start college. I could teach that much more.

I know that it seems like the long way of doing things, but I don't think that I would want it any other way, because my experiences have given me an education which I could never have gotten from text books. I have learned that teaching is not dictating or lecturing, but it is the ability to share knowledge by understanding, learning to listen, and most of all, by giving of one's self through communication.

Help Vietnam's Children through UNICEF



A motherless Vietnamese child—one of many thousands of small victims of the war—waits in his father's arms for help from the United Nations Children's Fund. UNICEF is planning major rehabilitation programs throughout Indo-China, to rebuild schools, orphanages and health centers, train nurses, teachers and social workers, and provide badly needed supplies. Public contributions may be sent to U.S. Committee for UNICEF, 331 East 38th St., New York 10016.

The Catholic Church: Sacred or Saleable?

by Donald Tabberer

In an effort to make the Catholic Church more commercial, Vatican II introduced the vernacular into the mass. Since that time countless gimmicks have been added. A new emphasis has been placed on selling the product to young people; the effect has been something very much like a boycott.

Let me explain: I know that the Church would like to see more of the faces of today's youth at Sunday mass. However, from what I have seen at Sunday mass, the plot is not working out so well. In reflecting on my own feelings and talking to some of my friends, I have found that there is an increasing interest in returning to the beautiful ritual that was once synonymous with the Catholic Church. Many young people are searching for "that old time religion" and turning away from the "with-it" church of Vatican II. I realize that the folk mass hit it big on the church scene. However, I feel that it was just a fad. It certainly gave a great opportunity to song writers and musicians to try their hands at religious music, but some of the results have been just short of sacrilegious. Popular songs have great

meaning in a secular setting, but I see no heightening of spiritual experience by singing "Alice's Restaurant" at the Offertory. This, of course, is an exaggeration, but I have heard songs similarly ridiculous in the church.

Another point of contention that I hold is the role of the priest. When I was a kid, we were taught that certain symbols and tools of the trade were holy and that only a priest should handle them; e.g., chalices, sanctified hosts, etc. Well, now, I go to church only to find out that I am receiving communion from my next door neighbor. I don't know if there is anything morally wrong with this practice, but it makes me wonder why we bother to have priests at all. I know we live in a secular age of relevancy, but lay priests seem to defeat the whole image of the priest as an instrument of God; I happen to know that my next-door neighbor cheats on his income tax — hardly a man I'd want to hear my confession.

I suppose what I'm asking for is a return to normalcy; a return to the beauty of Gregorian Chant; a return to the angelic echo of "Gloria in excelsis Deo" on Sunday morning; a return to the mystery of Holy Communion with God. I am concerned that the next gimmick after lay priests may be a lay Pope.

Louis is a Mexican citizen in his early fifties, although he was born in Nevada. He is a tall man with dark brown eyes set behind greying compassionate eyebrows. His face is lined with arched wrinkles meeting at his lower chin. His hands are old with blue, jutting veins.

His parents, both Mexicans, emigrated to the United States in 1916. They returned with their son, and his two older brothers Antonio and Alfonso, when Louis was five.

When Louis was a child, his father had a difficult time finding work. The young family moved from many small towns, haciendas, and camp grounds. They travelled with the work, following the cotton pickers and chasing the cattle drives.

When Louis completed his final year in the secondary school of Torreon, two-hundred and fifty miles south of the Rio Grande where his family finally settled, his father obtained a good investment in a local meat market. He operated his small business from the living room of their home and was faring rather well. For this reason, Louis was able to fulfill his dearest dream, the priesthood.

His parents were deeply religious Catholics. His father attended church every morning. His mother raised her sons placing their love of God foremost in their lives. Since he could remember, Louis had always wished to enter the seminary and spend his life as a priest, serving God and man. Because the local seminaries were scarce, and of lesser quality than those in the States, Louis journeyed to California for his formal indoctrination into the priesthood.

So this family, with deep roots in the Christian faith, sent their son and brother to the seminary. It was very expensive and inundated greatly from their small family income. Louis' brothers went to work in hardware and furniture shops and helped their father keep business thriving with the little meat market.

The seminary administrators always found their hills to the small Mexican family promptly paid. The teachers learned soon to like the fragile, curly-headed youth. And Louis was constantly full of smiles and hard work. He listened and learned diligently from his peers. The family money was being wisely spent.

At a rapid pace, which astonished, and often worried, the faculty, he strived to grasp the meaning of Christianity in his world. He reached fervently and relentlessly to answer God's

Martyrdom of St. Louis

by Rick Serrano

"A sad saint would be a sorry saint".
Francis de La Salle

call — to hear His message and live His mission.

Louis found little time to engage in sports and extra-curricular activities at the university. Though he had accumulated many friends among the student body and faculty, he rarely spent his leisure hours with them. He was not a member of the school baseball team. Nor did he run and compete in track and field events, of which the seminary was highly rated. Seldom did he attend social gatherings, such as parties and popular nights on the town.

Louis spent nine long years in the seminary. Towards the end of his eighth year of studies he became especially interested in the lives of the saints.

In his tiny cell on the fourth floor of the school dormitory, he would plunder long into the late hours of the night. He read every book of the type he could find. Once he had exhausted the school library's shelves, he began sending away for more copies, for more books on the lives of more saints. He even wrote to Europe, requesting more of the same. Many of the books he received from abroad were written in foreign languages. This was no hindrance, however, because Louis had mastered three foreign tongues; English, Latin, and Greek, to accompany his native Spanish.

Soon he knew every saint as well as he new himself. His social life ended completely and the only times he was seen were in the classroom.

Louis was lost in endless pages of saintly lives. He toiled with the dark loneliness of the Italian hermits as they scribbled away on countless pages of Bible papyrus. He saw himself as a noble follower of the popes, infallible through the ages, and the cardinals who elected them. He stood bravely with the early Christian martyrs, praising God in the ancient Roman Colliseum.

With them, his formal life suffered a thousand martyrs' deaths. With them, his fears and shortcomings were reduced to ashes around a thousand burning crosses. With them his sanity fell beheaded.

Three months before his ordination, Louis lost his mind.

Louis spent nine months in a California institution, doing what some will call, recuperating. He was never violent. He seldom spoke to nurses or fellow inmates. He was quiet, did little if no reading, and passed the time calmly awaiting his release.

The doctors finally assented to his release from the hospital in the fall of '43. His brothers, fighting the Fascists overseas, wired Louis money for a bus ride's return to Torreon.

Once home, he was surprised to find his mother living alone. She lived in a smaller house than he remembered.

His brothers had bought the house from a retired leather-maker when their father passed away. His father, strong religious devotion to the end, was wrapped in a white blanket and laid to rest, as was Jesus.

Louis and his mother took up simple life in their new house. She sold the meat market but now raises chickens to sell and slaughter in a small, barbecued patio behind the kitchen. Her other sons were sending U. S. Army checks home regularly.

In the daytime Louis would play with the small children who came to help his aging mother with the house chores. Sometimes he would join in small projects of labor and construction with the neighbors. They in turn would reward him with a few pesos. In the evening, if he had the required amount, Louis would buy a small candle. He would light it in his room for a certain saint. The candle would still be burning when he rose at dawn and walked to church.

In June of 1945 his brothers returned from Europe. Although they remained in Mexico for a short few months, Louis was glad to see them and enjoyed their company. They were not sure how to act around their brother at first. It was true that their parents had always lived a great faith in God. But the faith Louis possessed in Jesus was something new and, oftentimes shocking. Antonio described his brother having had 'religion drilled into his head'.

Alfonso remembers one night waking in his sleep to a pounding noise,

coming from Louis' bedroom. Darting into his brother's room, he was immediately overcome with what he saw.

Louis was sitting in a chair in the far corner, rhythmically bashing his head against the wall. A small, yellow candle, protruding from a night stand at the head of the bed flickered aimlessly to the thud of forehead on the dried adobe wall.

When Alfonso finally quited him, wiping the blood seeping down his face, Louis explained he was trying to die with one of his favorite saints. Alfonso sat up all night with his brother, listening to the life of this martyr. In the morning Louis walked three and one half miles to Mass.

One afternoon Antonio and Alfonso found their younger brother in his room giving penance to another martyred saint. Louis was pacing the bedroom floor with chains of barbwire wrapped tightly around his legs. They subdued him across the floor to remove the barbwire. His legs were covered with torn, reddened flesh.

When Louis' brothers left for America, to build their own families, Louis acquitted himself of self-torture. Some people say he was merely seeking attention from his family all along. Others don't.

The children who play with him over the years always seem to laugh and poke fun at Louis. It is always funny to see a grown man playing childish games.

Louis is full of smiles as he once was in the seminary. He has put on a little weight, filling out his lanky frame. His curly locks have lost their bounce. The children laugh that Louis never combs his hair.

His mother never questions or berates her son's behavior. One December evening the parish priest, Padre Tomas, visited their home. When the hour grew late, Louis retired to his room for prayers. The padre then explained to his mother that Louis is a vicious person, living the life of another, doing the work of another.

Louis' older friends, and those of his mother, meet him many times on the street and in church. Often they see him with his arms stretched crosswise, kneeling on the sidewalks, and praying with bowed head. Often they see him in the vestibule, lying face down on the floor.

They love Louis very much and many times they light a candle in the church in his honor.

The children laugh. They say Louis is a nut.

Death and Dying Seminar

Following a "Death and Dying" seminar on April 4 and 5, students in the Avila Social Work Department admit to emotional reaction involving depression, tranquility and confusion as well as stimulation and intense introspection. Some were examining their attitudes toward death for the first time; others gave more thought to helping persons with fatal illnesses prepare psychologically for death.

The seminar was sponsored by St. Luke's Hospital and arranged by Louise Young, Director of Social Services. The core of the seminar was

based on information provided through research by Dr. Elisabeth Kubler-Ross, author of the book, *On Death and Dying*. Speakers included representatives of professions involved in preparing persons for death, a minister and father of four children who is suffering from a serious kidney ailment, and the mother of a little girl who died with leukemia two years ago. Movies and a tape presented the thoughts of persons facing death, all now deceased. Discussion periods centered mostly around Christian vs. non-Christian approaches to death.

TO DANCE OR NOT TO DANCE That is The . . . Question?

After a long, exhausting day of diligent study and class-room intrigue, one logically has just enough strength to retire to a more peaceful atmosphere of quiet music and enveloping rest. Immediately following one such day, and anxious to partake of said endeavor, I noticed some of my student colleagues jaunting through and beyond the small door in the corner of the pool room in lower Carondelet. Sneaking up to get a better look, after all, it isn't every day one sees the few male students on campus in tights, I

got close enough only in time for the door to close. I was, consequently, left with flat nose, tired feet, and an uncontrollable imagination. I stayed long enough to hear a few groans and several loud thumps.

Well, whatever it is that they so faithfully do behind that small door, simply intrigues me. And, quite frankly, I'm not alone in my curiosity. By the way, rumor has it that these loyal souls will share their secret on May 11th and 12th thru the 13th in the Actors Laboratory Theatre. Join me, won't you? I'm going to check it out.

Europe

Travel Study Program

I'm interested! Please send information on the program(s) I have checked below.

Music Performance and appreciation (June 23-July 13)

name _____
address _____
city _____
state and zip _____
phone _____

Fine Arts (July 5-August 1)

Classic Europe (June 22-July 19)

Carefree Adventure (June 23-July 13)

mail to:
Avila College
Attention: Music Department
11901 Wornall Road
Kansas City, Missouri 64145
or call:
Avila College
942-3204, ext. 3

Modern Europe (June 22-July 19)